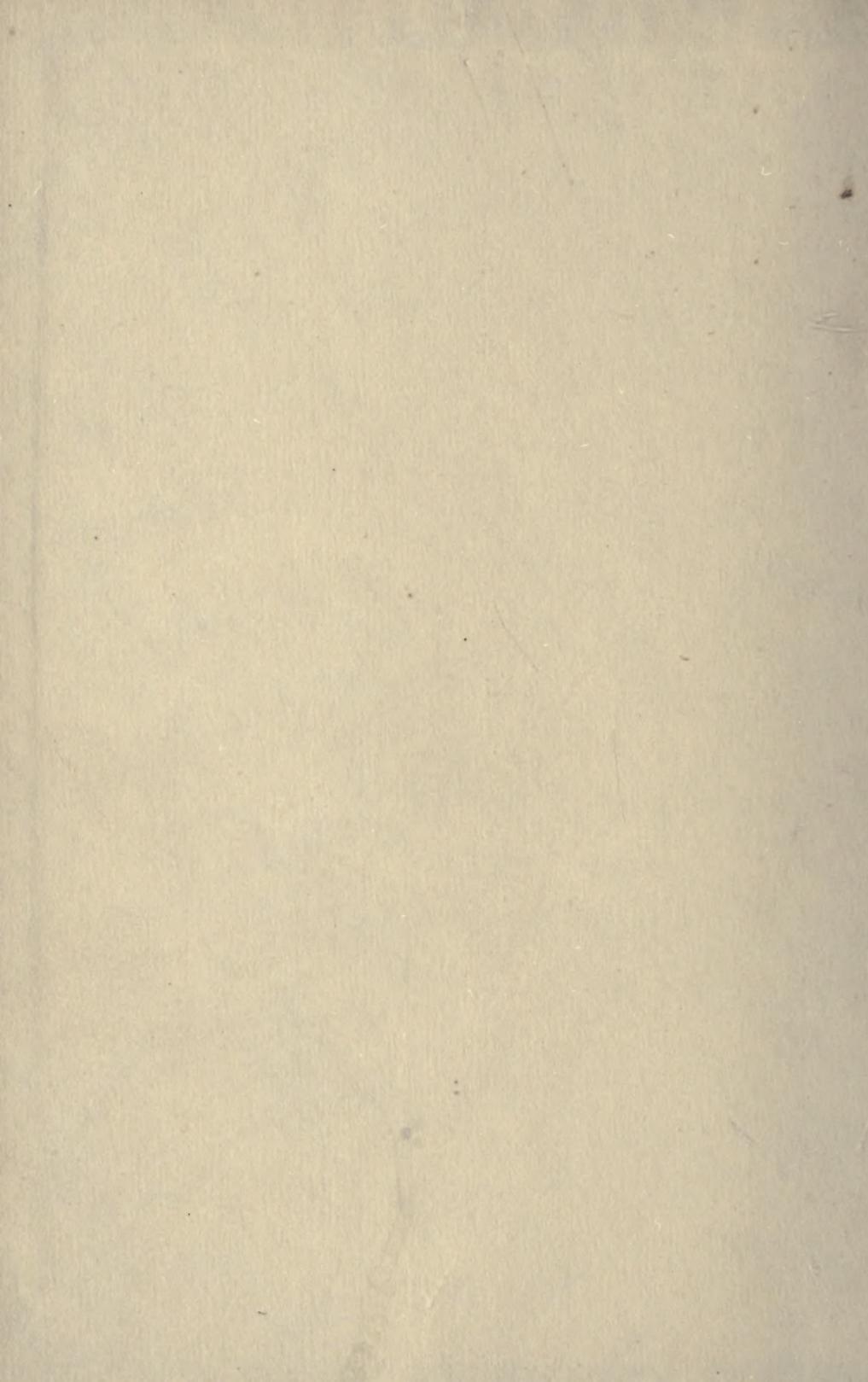


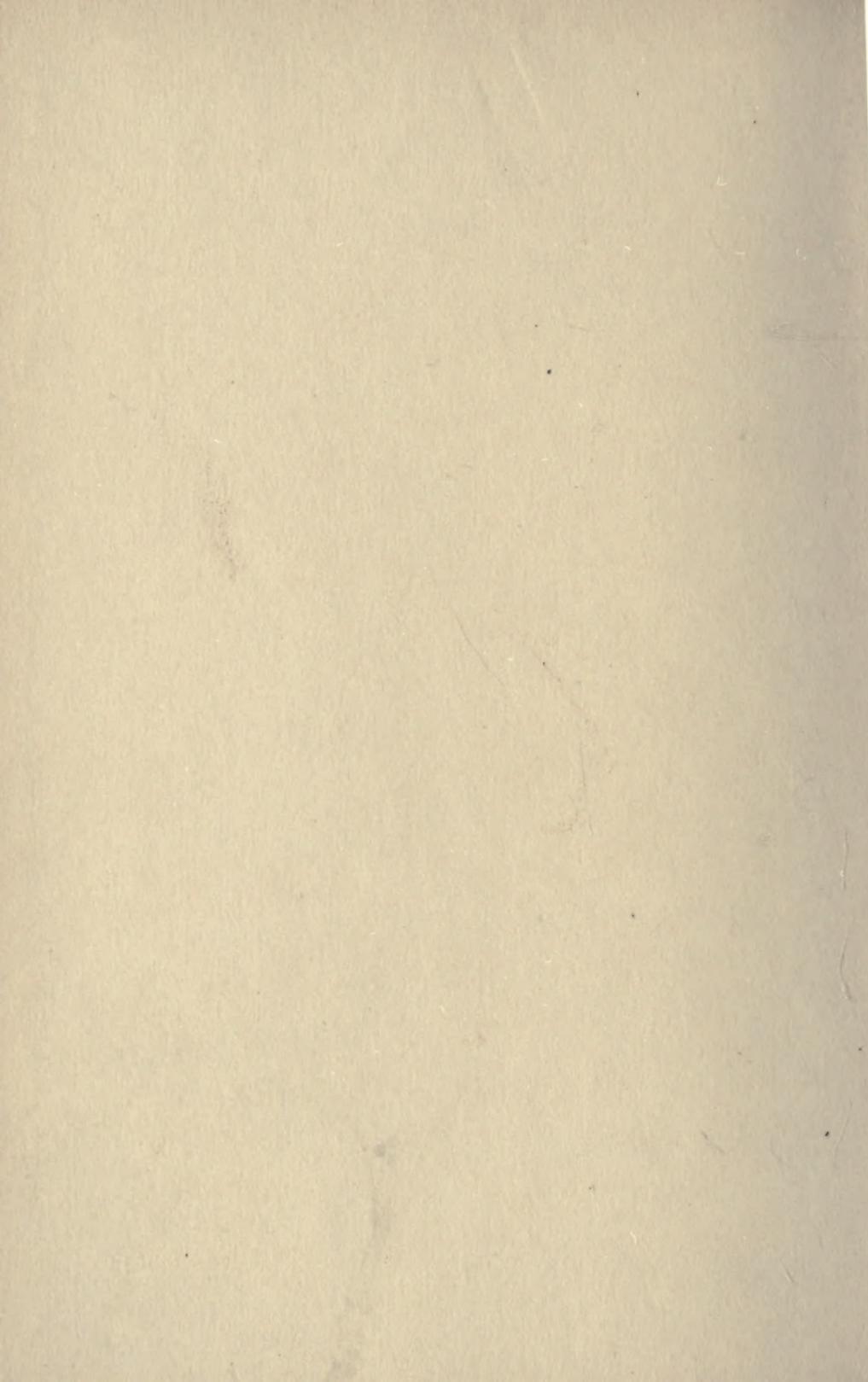
THOUGHTS IN VERSE

BY

A. F. O.

PS
8479
S44T5







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Thoughts in Verse

Thoughts in Verse

By
Annie F. Osler
(Mrs. E. B. Osler)

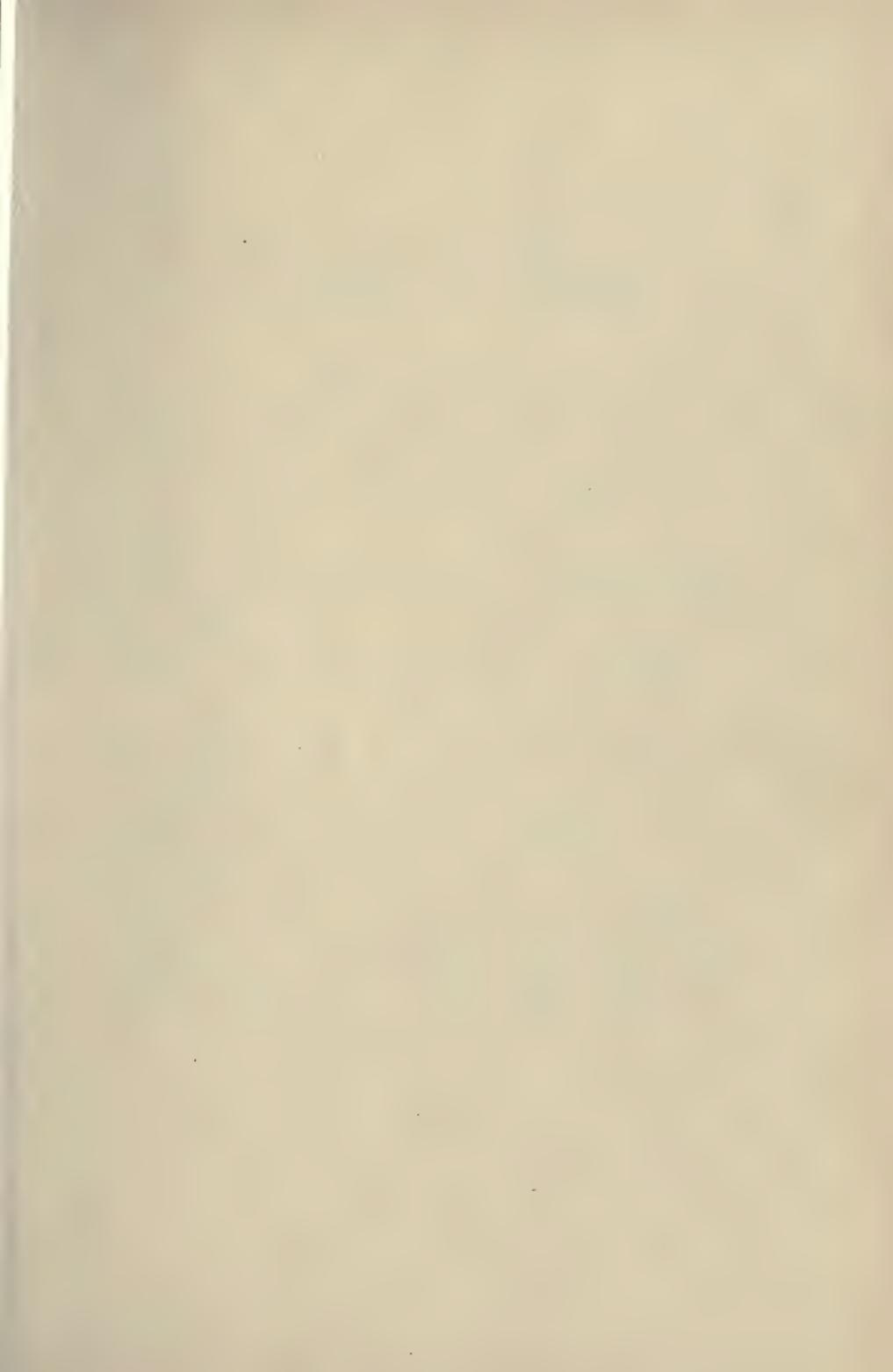
Toronto
William Tyrrell & Co.
1911

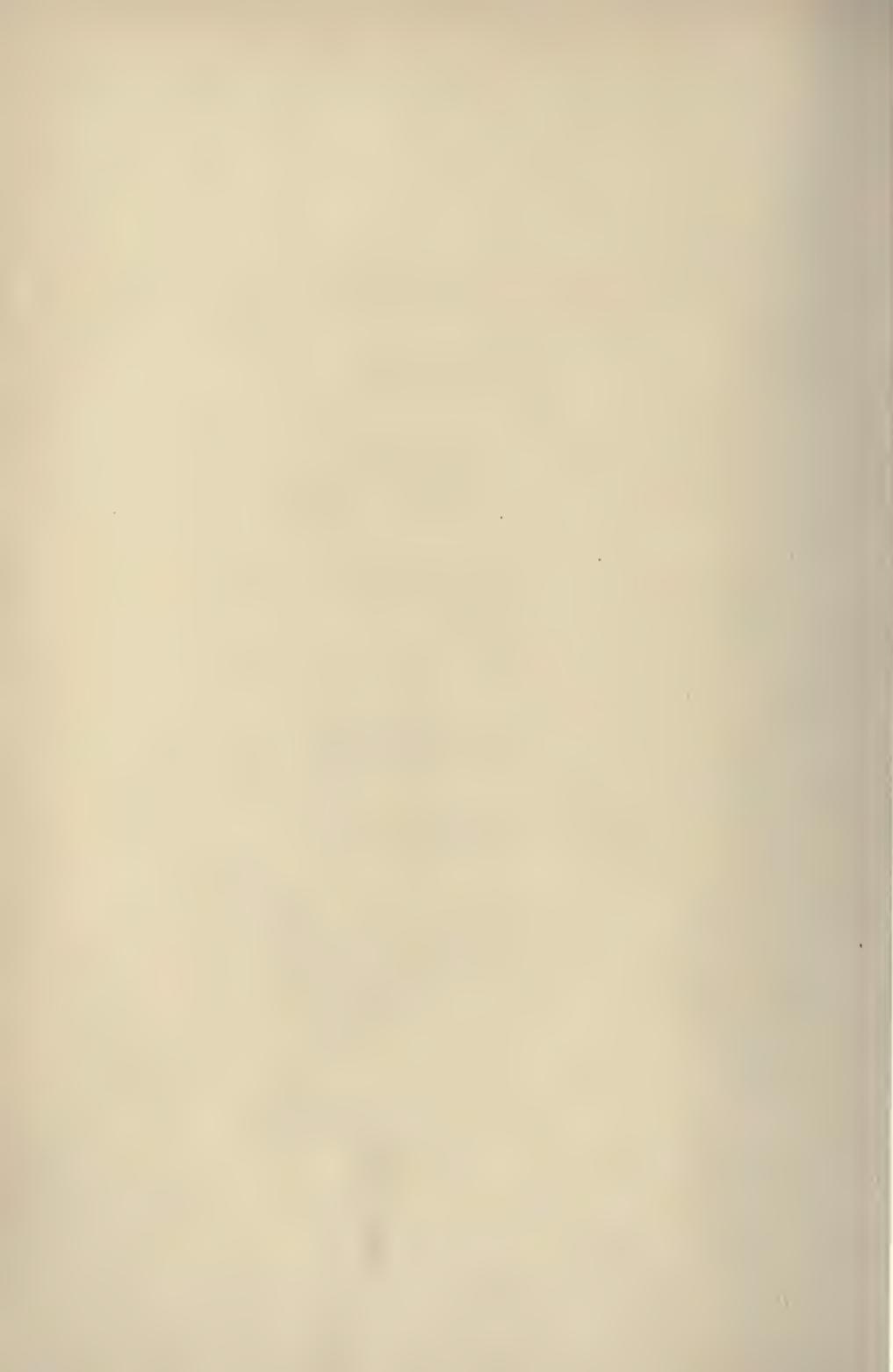
PS
8479
S44 T5

COPYRIGHT, CANADA, 1911
BY
WM. TYRRELL & CO.



841490





Thoughts in Verse

God is Love

In face of all the protests of the sages,
In spite of darkest thunderclouds above,
I hear a voice that echoes down the ages
And answers in my heart that "God is Love."

Though mists of darkness round His footstool meet,
And on the clouds of Heaven the King of Glory
rides,
Though countless angels worship at His feet
And myriad worlds await His will besides,

The heart of man still hears a clear, persistent
voice,
And all our being answers to the call;
With no uncertain sound let us rejoice,
For God is Love, above and over all!

We hear of hard things happening every day,
Of breaking hearts, sad homes, and bitter tears,
Of dreary lives that plod their lonely way,
With no sweet love to share their anxious fears.

Can God, a God of Love, know and see all
The heartaches of the souls that He has made?
The Father, who can note each sparrow's fall,
Has He such anguish on His children laid?

Does He not care that lightening bolts fall down?
That strong men die and weak ones live apace?
That wars continue and that ships go down,
And that His little ones are left to face

The loneliness and sadness of this earth,
Where many turn their faces from the poor,
Where sin and evil haunt them from their birth,
And God and Love seem strangers to their door?

Does He not care? Oh, still that voice I hear,
Altho' like distant music far away,
The God of Love to every soul is near,
And one day turns his darkness into day.

His ways are deep, we cannot understand,
Strange if we did, for He is God, and we
His little children guided by His Hand
In ways mysterious where we cannot see.

In wisest plan Divine, perchance He sees
That man through dark alone can reach the Light,
That pain and suffering are the only keys
To unlock his vision of the Infinite!

To know Him is to know His name is Love,
Who taught the parent bird to build his nest.
Man in God's image made must rise above,
As sure as infant finds its mother's breast.

Nor can He fail to pierce the darkest cloud,
With rays of brightest glory from our Sun,
And lead each purg'd soul from out its shroud,
Whene'er the purifying work is done !

He will not fail to illumine the darkest mind,
And gently, tenderly, draw it above,
With heart all comforted, and eyes to find
In Maker and in Guide, a God of Love !

The Divine Spirit

The voice of God's own spirit in me woke
Responsive notes to Him,
His spirit in my new-born spirit spoke,
Thirsting for more of Him;
And I said,
Oh, now, His showers of blessing pour upon me,
Flooding my inmost soul !
The living presence of my God, within me,
Part of the Eternal whole !

1897

The Divine Will

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
The meek Christ said,
“By will of God, not man
I will be led.”

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
A baby bed
Of roughest straw, and mean,
In cattle shed.

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
A peasant boy,
The lowliest, meanest tasks
His days employ.

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
A tired man,
Marred more than most, heartsick and sore,
Weary and wan.

“Thy will, not mine, be done,”
Around Him close
Mists of darkness, doubt and fear,
A world’s woes.

"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
Ah, see Him shrink!
Body, torn and racked with pain,
On death's brink.

"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
Louder He cries,
Raises triumphant face
Up to the skies.

"Thy will is done on earth,
Done by Me;
Henceforth the Father's face
The child may see.

"Perfected by suffering,
Sanctified by pain,
With Me a moment's grief,
Eternal gain."

Child of earth, pain is Divine,
Since thy God died,
He who would Godward rise
Must be crucified!

At Sunrise in Early Spring

Father! All nature bows to Thee!
Worshipping, in transport of pure joy!
The baby buds smile out from every tree,
And birdies chant their love without alloy;
Only our stupid human lips are dumb,
Yet longing sorely for the words to come!

A myriad dewdrops sparkle at our feet,
More dazzling far than priceless rubies, they,
And Heaven-born cloudlets at earth's arches meet,
Bathing in rainbow hues a new-born day!
—Not theirs their beauty, by no merit won—
But reflex glory from the rising sun.

Oh, glorious Sun! so kingly with thy gifts!
Pouring on every bladelet rays of light!
Some beam of thine to darkest crannies drifts,
And to the blindest, augurs coming sight!
Our highest manhood fain would thee adore,
Did we not see behind thee, something more!

Great source of Light and Love, Creator, God!
Alpha and Omega, Incarnate Word,
In greatest and in least, Thy Hand I see,
Thou art in nature all, much more in me!
By worlds and atoms, man and beast, adored,
Eloi—Holy-holy-holy Lord!

No Sin! No Pain!

It was a time of darkness, doubt, despair,
The one true light I saw not anywhere,
"Sin is not sin," they tell me, "all who say so lie,
Man is of God, and man can never die."

"There is no sin, for God is All in All,
And God is good, there is no ill at all;
Only believe it, cast away thy pain,
'Tis but a fancy, conjured in thy brain!"

And is this, too, a fancy of my brain,
This never-ceasing wail of human pain?
As well assure me that, as God is Light,
'Tis but my fancy conjures up the night!

Two voices wrangled by me all the night,
"There is no sin, for all is love and light;"
And then, outside, that moaning, and within
A voice that whispered, "Even here is sin!"

The night is truly dark, no stars appear,
And if God be but light, *He is not here!*
Yet I am here—and He is everywhere,
There is no place at all but He is there!

If all unseen God's light in dark can be,
Then deepest grief a beam of light can see,
Then darkest shadows e'en of sin and pain,
Tho' real, may be but harbingers of gain!

The voices ceased—I, heavy-hearted, woke,
Then thought, half-dreaming, that Another spoke,
I followed to the casement, looked on high,
And saw a Figure stretched across the sky.

Then all at once I felt a holy peace,
I bade those other voices all to cease,
The Man of Sorrows spoke to me alone—
“All sin and sorrow gathers round My throne,

“My throne, a cross of pain that leads to God,
And dark, and sore, and lonely is the road,
But I am with you always, all the way,
To turn the darkest night to brightest day.

“Strength comes through conflict, love thro’ fight
with hate,
Tenderness and patience, when you learn to wait,
My children truly suffer all night long,
Yet carry in their hearts the gladdest song.

“The seed of God must first in darkness lie,
Ere it can taste its immortality,
Once deeply rooted, it will shoot above,
To bud and blossom in a sphere all love.”

We lose ourselves in darkness and in pain,
To find our God and find ourselves again.

After Reading “Soliloquies of a Shade”

Omar Khayyam! Omar Khayyam!
Calling from the deep,
Is this thy voice, oh mighty thinker,
Restless in thy sleep?
Marvelling that the cycling ages
Still their silence keep!

Thou didst ask the deepest queries,
Stirring inmost soul,
E'en the master knot to unravel—
Grappling with the whole—
See we clearer? Are we nearer?
Nearer to the goal?

Omar Khayyam! Omar Khayyam!
'Tis the same old tale
Of the infant on the seashore
With its tiny wail—
Drifting, drifting towards the ocean—
Straining for a sail!

Ever since the mighty potter
Formed the man of clay,
Still He moulds, and chips, and chisels,
'Tis the Master's way.
Each one He builds must face the mystery
Of his little day !

But every morsel of that substance,
Cold and grey as death,
One day quickens to His touches !
Wakens at His breath !
Hears, above the blast and hammer,
"Live ! The Master saith !"

Omar Khayyam ! Omar Khayyam !
With all deference to you,
We have learnt some mighty lessons,
Lessons old and new,
Since the day your giant spirit
Leaped to meet the true !

We have learnt to know the potter
In the darkest night,
To bear the pressure of His fingers,
Be it hard or light,
To see beyond the fire, the chisel,
With a second sight.

We can feel the Spirit pulsing,
Moving here and there,
Moulding men and moulding nations,
Working everywhere,
To the purest souls unveiling
Holy mysteries bare !

We can feel the Unseen Presence,
The Life, of Whom we be;
We can commune with the living
Souls we cannot see !
We have foretaste in the darkness
Of a coming ecstasy !

God in man, and man in God,
By His Spirit's might,
Clouds there may be in the daylight—
There are stars by night,
Clearer vision, truer insight,
Of celestial Light !

Slowly, slowly roll the ages,
Slowly, too, evolves the man,
We can barely see the outlines
Of the mighty plan,
Yet fore-hear in coming cycles
His great Word, I can !

For at times we feel the birth throes
 Of a life to be!
When the eyes now veiled and sightless
 Will the Father see!
Even now the dawn is breaking
 Into immortality!

Cloudless vision now would blind us,
 Suffocate the spark of life,
Perfect peace would now stagnate us,
 We are better for the strife,
Aeon after aeon finds us,
 As we for its age are ripe.

“By Their Fruits I Judge Them”

John Chinaman

How is it, Lord, that aeons after aeons pass,
And still the Christian world is far apart from
Thee,
That pagans jeer, and Jew and Gentile mock,
Because we are not what we do profess to be?
How is it, Lord?

What means it, that of us the heathen nations say,
“We walk their streets and view their cities fair,
We count their churches, and we mark their sins,
And fail to find the fruits of love and justice
there!”
What means it, Lord?

Why is it, Lord, the manliest, strongest, goodliest of
our men
Are rarely seen within Thy house of prayer.
Each holy day the music of the old bells peals again,
And little children, gentle women, not strong men
are there?
Why is it, Lord?

And oh, what means it when of us the heathen say,
"A Christian nation like their Christ should be,
Holy, and pure, and self-forgetting, true,
Doing to others as they would that they to them
would do."
What means it, Lord?

Ah, three-fold woe upon us, if it can only mean
We say and do not, like the Pharisees of old;
The Christ we preach to others we in ourselves
have slain,
And to our sloth and greed our heritage have
sold!

"The germs of the Divine are planted in each soul,"
Thus prophet voices hush our souls to sleep;
"The Great Evolver will complete the whole."
What need to watch and pray, to suffer, fight or
weep?

Oh, never was there greater need to watch and pray,
That we may hold the old, yet gladly grasp the
new;
The Christ of God is still our one true light to-day,
And phantom lights, world over, are watching
what we do.

Let England hold close by Him, so can His spirit's
fire,

Brood His all-gendering life o'er waters still and
dead,

Until in every soul the life of God aspire,
And deadening toils of sloth and lust, and money-
love are dead.

Strong Son of Man, source of the highest human
might,

Surely our highest manhood does worship at Thy
feet!

Perchance some spirits' longings can best attain
their height,

While seeking in the solitudes to find Thy seat!

Ah, God's dear little children! so few and weak
and sad,

So gloomy in foreboding, so hopeless in your
pain,

Look in, and on, and upward, your God can make
you glad;

Just hearken to the Master's sweet refrain.

"Are there no souls of Mine now agonizing
To show to others how My cross to bear?

Are there no self-forgetting meek ones dying,

Perchance to save a brother from despair?

Is there no whisper of My spirit's guiding,

Where self is all forgot and only love is there?

"Have faith in God, and in your fellow man have
faith,
For many thousand knees have never knelt to
Baal;
My kingdom in men's hearts is still alive indeed,
The kernel bursts the husk when it grows stale.

Within the Church are giant souls, who see above,
beyond,
Within it, too, are pygmies, confined to sight and
sound;
Without the Church are saints of God, who can't
conform to rule,
Without it, too, the silly soul, whom God denotes a
fool;
Thyself, a little mystery 'mid the mysteries of the
night,
A shadow 'mong the shadows following the Light."

All Souls Are Thine

All souls from Thee, great God,
Each soul, a breath of Thine,
Part of Thyself, Eternal Word,
Its essence all divine !

All souls of Thee, great God,
Yet—oh—how *can* it be?
This one, so steeped in blackest crime,
A myriad worlds from Thee !

And that—she was a woman once,
Now lost in sin and shame,
Draggling soiled womanhood through life
Alas—without a name.

All those have come from Thee, oh God,
To express some thought of Thine,
Began in purest babyhood,
Fresh from Thy hand divine.

All pure as virgin snow
Before it touches earth,
Herald of good to man below,
Is man, himself, at birth.

Most wonderful, most complex man,
Within, both God and beast,
With will to make or mar, He *can*
Or riot, fast, or feast.

He can be one with God,
Higher and higher rise;
His life attuned to Christ's,
His feet can scale the skies.

He can put down the beast
And on it still ascend,
Using His lowest to attain
Unto His highest end!

All souls are Thine, great God,
Begotten all of Thee,
As rain returns to heaven
They will return to Thee—
Through pain and dark and sin
They must return to Thee!

Lines Suggested by the Words of St. Bernard

"The love of self for self," a motto all must know,
He who the highest soars, and he who grovels low,
We live for self, for selfish gains we toil,
Both he who owns and he who tills the soil.

Not a bad starting point, if not the aim of life,
For a man needs all his manhood for the strife,
His every power of body, mind and soul,
Are called to action, would he reach the goal.

The love of self for self it is, tho' he extend
His warm heart's love to wife or child or friend,
Yet these unconsciously draw him above,
To look for something more than human love.

"The love of God for self" he finds he'll need,
Ere man's best craving can be stilled indeed;
God for himself, to be his very own,
But this can't be while self is on the throne.

"The love of God for God," at last he cries,
God, Infinite, Eternal, in the skies,
All love and fatherhood, all goodness ever blest,
For the tired hearts of earth an everlasting rest!

All satisfying, yes, all perfect, all delight,
How dare we, from our darkness, approach such
dazzling light?
Only because the God-man has travelled all the
road,
And draws up in His person, our manhood into
God!

"The love of self for God," triumphant now he feels,
As o'er him loss of self a conscious feeling steals,
Self that was once himself, now dwindles out of
sight,
Lost as the dimmest star, in the sun's glorious light.

To lose oneself, one's will, no me, no mine,
'Twill be to find oneself in the Divine,
The nets that tangled and the cords that bound all
gone,
And the poor wings that soared, how they have
grown!

Mysterious human nature, sifted, purified, replete,
All gathered up in the Divine, when it is all com-
plete,
Itself beloved, known by name, all perfect in His
sight,
Yet lost to self, self lost to it, in God's Great In-
finite!

Alone

In all this wide, wide world,
What is there after all
So very real to me,
As God—and my own soul?

We think in other lives
We have our little part,
Yet every human soul
Is lonely in his heart.

Into our deepest thoughts
No human eye can steal,
For our most hungry needs
No human soul can feel.

The fiercest storm of pain
No man can still,
The eeriest bits of life,
No man can fill.

What mightier proof have I
I am divine?
This very self of me,
Is not all mine.

I come from somewhere else,
Whither I go.
The source from whence I come
To it I flow.

Father, I come from Thee,
To do or bear Thy will;
God—and my own soul—
Let me be still.

Beechcroft, '98.

Never Alone

We cannot live alone,
Each has a part,
A work of love to do
For some other heart.

I cannot raise my load,
My burden bear,
But some one else besides
Takes up his share.

We each one touch the other
On life's road,
Alone we cannot reach
Our brother's God.

With his hand close in mine,
Warmer I feel,
Nearer to the Divine
I can kneel.

The more human loves I hold
Close to my breast,
Nearer to the Father's heart
I can rest.

In His great holding Hand
Safely we lie,
Every dear human soul
Never to die.

Life's Symphony

Ah, sure of me the poet wrote
That, "I myself am the jarring note!"
In those dark moments I fail to see
The oneness of Life's Symphony!

Or brooding selfishly alone,
Imagine that mine is the deeper tone,
Because I have found one sweet minor key,
And forget all the richness of harmony!

In Life, as in music, we need the combine
Of tones deep and liquid, of chords full and fine,
The cadence of age should never cloy
The buoyancy of Life's young joy!

We need as much our merry May,
With laughing orchards and songsters gay,
As ever we need the April showers
To bring about our summer flowers.

If at times we tire in the hot, summer day,
And fain would rest us awhile by the way,
Let us not shut our ears to youth's glad song,
Its music will make the day less long.

And when we have learnt to face the gale,
And almost to laugh at the furious hail,
Let us forget not, nor turn aside,
From the little one trembling at our side.

The soft, light whiff of youth is sweet,
And tempers the glare of the noonday heat.
And the true heart-music of every song
Is part of Life's Symphony, short or long.

Mystery

Conflicts and partings
Here we bear,
It may be different
Otherwhere.

Here we see blindly,
Misunderstand,
'Twill all be clearer
In otherland.

We mean to help,
But often mar,
Sometimes we hinder,
Ofttimes jar.

Only keep true
To other's needs;
The soul that helps
Is the soul God leads.

Look to the God
From Whom you come,
And see you bring
Another home!

Beechcroft, '98.

A Dream

I had a vision of the night, a dream perhaps you say,
Some things we see by night, we never see by day;
This dream of long ago to a little child was given,
Still when I think of it, I seem to think of Heaven.

He came to me, the Christ, I know not how He
came,
'Twas not in storm of thunder, nor yet in lightning
flame,
No trumpet flare proclaimed Him, no choirs an-
nounced their Lord,
The hum and drone of bees was all the sound I
heard!

For I was in the fields, on a still summer day,
'Mongst long and wavy grasses and the sweet smell-
ing hay,
He came—I knew not how—but knew Him—wond-
rous sweet,
I gazed and gazed and wondered or worshipped at
His feet.

I think He touched me—but that He spake I know,
And bade me follow Him; I followed, silent, slow,
So full of wondrous joy that I could scarcely go—
Or was it fear? and yet, His voice was soft and low.

I know not how the pathway went, but soon I found
That it had brought us to a little burial ground,
He made me to kneel down, beside a hallowed spot,
Where someone's loving hands had strewed Forget-
me-not.

I saw not these, nor aught, nor anything, save Him,
I heard Him pray "Our Father," and I prayed
after Him,
Each word of His own prayer He told me there, my
King,
To see, to feel Him near! it was a blessed thing!

And so the dream was given to me, or vision came,
I saw my Lord, I know, but know not why He came;
Perhaps to little ones such dreams are sometimes
given,
Because "of such," He saith, "is My Kingdom of
Heaven!"

And if, in after years, our faith seems false and dim
We may look back to childhood and dream sweet
dreams of Him!

Growth

Human progress, human purpose,
Human energy and will,
Human mind surmounting matter
Pressing onward, never still.

The mighty ships that span the ocean,
Conquering the unconquered sea,
Are to man's lightest touch as facile
As a little child could be !

Earth and air and fire and water
All are ready to his hand !
He treads, he holds, controls or scatters
Elements at his command !

Great God, Thy human child is growing,
Throwing swaddling clothes away,
He walks alone, is independent,
Thinks he cannot fall or stray !

Strong he is and free and joyous
Soon the wings will sprouting be,
Is it God awake within him
Mastering the earth and sea ?

The strength within is surely Thine,
Force, power, knowledge, all of Thee ;
Great God, forbid that gifts divine
Should ever part Thy child and Thee !

The God-Man

A Voice from God to God is heard,
Well might it rend the skies,
The Son of God and Man calls out,
With human tears and cries.

“Father I will that they, these men
Whom Thou dost give to Me,
May see Thee, God the Father,
Revealed to them, in Me.”

Such was His cry in ages past,
Such is His cry to-day,
Yet wise men grope in blindness yet,
“An unknown God,” they say.

Unknown and all unknowable—
Yet, “Enoch walked with God,”
And meek souls know from then to now
“The secret of the Lord.”

“Show us the Father,” some one cries,
“O show Him, Lord, to me!”
“Child,” says the Christ, “Who seeth Me,
He doth the Father see.”

One day all men shall see Him
All nations own Him Lord,
All peoples bow before Him,
The everlasting God.

“All knowledge with all reverence,
Yield Him eternal praise,
The infant of a day shall see
The Ancient of all Days.”

“Perfect in One”

“I in them and they in me,
That in us, they perfect be,
God in man, and man in Thee!
Eternally !”

These words Divine, we hear Thee pray,
In the garden far away,
Echoing to our hearts to-day,
Now, alway.

Tree of Life ! the branches we
Draw our life alone from Thee !
The sap, the blood, the life, is Thee,
And we in Thee !

Bread of God, on Thee to feed
Satiates our inmost need,
Feeds the Christ in us indeed,
Food from Heaven.

Source of Life ! and breath of God !
Man’s Creator ! Incarnate Word !
Fire of Love ! and quickening sword !
To mortals given !

Father, 'tis Thyself alone
In Christ can for our sins atone,
And by Thy Spirit make Thine own
Divine!

Christ! by Thy Spirit's power we claim
Sparks of Thyself fanned into flame!
Oh Triune God! all one! the same!
And we are Thine!

Early Communion

The stillness in the morning air
Wafts one's soul on wings of prayer
 Upward to God!
Purity and Beauty meet
Adoring quietly His feet
 Resting earthward!

On the hills of Time and Space,
Reflections, Father, of Thy face
 At dawn of day!
We seem to catch a glimpse of Thee,
Trails of Thy hinder parts we see,
 Going Thy way!

Touching, here and there, blind eyes
With the glorious surprise
 Of glad new Light!
Whispering Thy Hidden Name
To souls new-wakened by the same
 First Daylight!

The perfect silence lifts me higher,
The sweet Communion brings me nigher
 Thy Life Divine!

Yet wilt Thou draw to Thine embrace
Thy family of the human race
For all are Thine!

One day in glad accord shall meet
All lives, all loves, in Thee complete,
In Thee at One!
Silence shall burst to song, the skies
Rift rosy red to see Thee rise,
Our Eternal Sun!

On Hearing of the Sudden Death of an Only Son and Brother

Ah no, it is not dreadful, say not so,
Although the very light of all their eyes seems
gone,
His nearest and his dearest! Let him go
The Spirit to his Father's breast hath flown!

Hinder him not upon his upward flight,
However tenderly beloved he be,
However dark and lonesome be your night,
Ah, if your earthly eyes could only see.

His life, that seems "cut off," now linked with God,
His strength, you think has snapped, renewed in
Him,
Your dear one does not lie beneath the sod,
You weep among the daisies all in vain.

"He is not there but risen from the dead,"
As sure as Jesus rose so long ago,
Not his poor body yet, but that dear soul
In child and brother, whom you worshipped so.

He lives more truly now than when with you,
More full, and perfect, and complete his life,
All that you loved in him, revived anew,
All that was promising, become more rife.

Leave him with God, Who guides both you and him,
And ne'er, by any chance, mistakes the way,
Though you be led by winding paths and dim,
And he, by but one step, into the Light of Day.

In Memory of Feb. 1st and 2nd, 1901

The eyes of all the world are turned to thee,
Majestic figure on thy royal bier,
Nor deem it strange to see a nation's grief, an
empire's tear,
For human hearts have lost in thee a friend most
dear,

Oh Queen !

Tread softly, noble clansmen, as ye bear
Your queen and Highland chief entrusted to your
care—

You never failed her yet, but ever served her true,
Carry her safely now, boys, 'tis the last she asks of
you,

While pibrochs wail and stout hearts quail for thee,
Oh Queen !

Oh, Sun shine down upon us, and brace brave hearts
to-day !

Oh winds of heaven blow softly to waft her on her
way !

Was e'er by mortal man such wondrous vision seen?
Ten miles of battleships to make a highway for
our queen !

The life so crowned in glory, now bathed in love
and rest !
Grows into grand completeness, more full, more
true, more blest !
But oh ! I can no more, I only try, to fail,
For her, not Death but Life, more Life behind the
veil !

God Save the King

Great God of kings and empires,
 Oh, hear an empire's prayer!
And take our uncrowned King
 Into Thy gracious care!
Father! oh, grant him strength
 To bear and conquer pain!
Our Sovereign Lord King Edward,
 Oh, let him live and reign.

With us he thanked Thee, Father,
 For bidding wars to cease,
We deemed Thy judgments over
 On Thy sweet word of peace!
Oh, stay Thy Hand, Great God!
 Let it not fall again;
Oh, spare our Sovereign Lord
 And let him live and reign!

As moments creep to hours,
 All through this livelong night,
Oh, whisper to brave, royal hearts;
 "Let there be light,"
Till morning dawns, and myriad throats
 Take up the glad refrain:
"God save our Lord King Edward,
 For he will live and reign!"

June 25th, 1902.

On Viewing Milan Cathedral When It Was Empty and on Visiting St. Peter's in Rome During a Service

The Heaven of Heavens cannot Him contain;
The round world is His footstool—and the stars
He holdeth in His hand! He fills the universe,
And do we dare build Him an House? and yet

This House! Ah me! So glorious, sublime,
To see it is to worship, and to soar
Far out of self to Throne of Most High God
In adoration and in self-abasement!
Ah! Could one see four thousand tired souls,
The weary, heavy-laden whom He loved,
Here lay their burdens down at Jesus' feet,
Then go their way—rejoicing!

Could we but hear four thousand voices raise
Their glorious hallelujahs in that dome,
Till arched aisle and sculptured column
Echo and re-echo to His praise who filleth all in all;
And hearts are stirred and inmost souls are moved
With something more than music!

* * * * *

But here is emptiness and fitful silence—
Not that deep silence that enwraps a soul
When God speaks to it, and, all hushed, it waits,
But dark, dank stillness of a stagnant pool
When stifling life is dying, yet resents
The semblance of a ripple on its sleep!

Oh, for the rushing wind of God's own breath
To flood this place with living waters, clear
As crystal, from the Mount of God; until
The glory of His presence fill the House
And thousand, thousand, hearts brim o'er,
From out His fulness, and o'erflow
Into the thirsting, empty lives outside!

Such is my dream, but greater ones than I
Have dreamed such dreams ere now, and yet have
failed
To see His Kingdom!—Still we hear that cry:
“Ye fools and blind! How long discern ye not
Between your gift and that which sanctifieth it?”

And yet ye say: “Perchance, all do feel after God;”
Perchance!—“Great God, forgive and cure our
littlenesses,
Accept our puny gifts upon the sacrificial altar of
Thy love
And make our hearts Thy dwelling place!”

His Hidden Name

The Omnipotent, Eternal God,
No human eye can see,
Behind a cloud He hides His face
Alike from you and me;
Nor dare we, if we would, uplift
That veil of mystery!

Yet do I thirst for Thee, my God!
I long to know Thy name;
Not as the great Unknowable,
Eternally the same,
That seems so very far from me—
Tell me Thy Hidden Name!

What is it, great Jehovah?
Known to Thy chosen few,
Those who have walked with
Thee on earth.
Thy secret name they knew;
One spake as no man ever spake,
His every word was true.

One alone in all the ages,
Was He man, or is He God?
Holding Keys of Death and Hades,
Through the bloody winepress trod;

*Nurtured by a maiden mother,
Dying—dead—beneath the sod,
Though He claimed to be immortal;
Was He man, or is He God?*

*See Him raised to highest heaven,
"Robed in vesture dipped in blood!"
On His heart a name is written,
And it is "The Word of God!"*

*Eyes of fire to scan the nations,
In His hand a flaming sword!
Eyes the same that melted Peter,
Heart from which the life-blood flowed,
Hands that blessed the little children;
Was He man, or is He God?*

I've found the name, "Immanuel!
God with us, evermore";
I cannot see, or understand
But I can still adore!

King of my soul, take all my heart,
My senses and my brain,
My understanding and my life,
And on me, in me, reign;
Misdoubt of Thee has found defeat,
I lay it lowly at Thy feet!

Thy hidden name? Dear Lord, it hides
In every Christian breast,
Within our very selves, our God
Has taken up His rest;
And loudest human heart-beats swell
At that dear name, Immanuel!

His Name

“Wonderful.”

Wise men of old, and scions new
Have felt, and sometimes seen
One mighty Master-hand in all
That is, or aye hath been;
Tiny or great, each life is of the Life Divine,
Gendered by the Omnipotent, and neither mine nor
thine.

Jesus of Nazareth, the same as “I am that I am,”
Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful,
We gaze and bend the knee;
Hail! Holy Babe of Bethlehem,
We see our God in Thee!

“Counsellor.”

By Thee, O Word Divine, the foundations of this
earth were made,
Of the great deep, the fountains by Thee alone were
laid!
In ancient times thy counsels great were Faithful-
ness and Truth;
Thou Wisdom wert ere Time began, yet everlast-
ing youth.
As Child Thou wert submissive to Thy mother and
to age,
Astounding with Thy questionings the wisdom of
the sage.

Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful! we gaze and bend
the knee,
Oh gentle Boy of Nazareth, we see our God in
Thee!

“The Mighty God.”

He Who the stormy winds and waves that mount
to heaven made,
The same who “shut the sea with doors,” and bade
“proud waves be staid,”
Stands on a little boat and bids the angry sea “be
still.”
The ages past, the ages still to come, obey His will.
In the beginning “morning stars together sang for
joy,”
To glorify that Word of Truth who raised the
widow’s boy.
Aye, Wonderful, most Wonderful! we gaze and
bend the knee,
In this Young Man of Galilee, our Mighty God
we see!

“The Everlasting Father.”

One with the Father, one with man, around, with-
out, within,
Thou compassest our path, and knowest every
secret sin.
If we ascend to heaven above, or find ourselves
in hell,

We cannot be where Thou art not, and with Thee
all is well.
When weary, Jesus, Thou did'st ask a woman, Thee
to give
A drink of water! Saviour, see our sin, yet bid
us live;
Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful, no thought is hid
from Thee,
Great Father of our Spirits, we see our God in
Thee!

"The Prince of Peace."

Great King of Battles! Thou didst ride on chariot
of fire;
Men trembled at the roaring thunder of Jehovah's
ire;
These but forerunners were of Thine own still,
small Voice of Love
To check man's headlong, downward plunge, and
make him look above,
For peace on earth, good will to man, and every
war to cease,
The Kingdom of our Christ shall come through
conflict into peace,
Oh, Wonderful, most Wonderful! we gaze and bend
the knee,
The King of Glory, Prince of Peace, God—all in
all—shall be!

In Memoriam

E. M. W.

We cannot see why trials come,
Why eyes grow dim with silent tears,
Why aged pilgrims linger long,
And youths are cut off in their years.
But we believe that from above
Our lives are planned in tenderest love !

We cannot see why strong ones die—
Our leaders whom we ill can spare,
On whose sound judgment we rely,
Who help us in our work and prayer.
But we believe our God is wise
And shares our sorrows in the skies !

We cannot bear disease and pain
To mar the features that are dear,
And earth to claim for earth again,
The form we love and cling to here,
But we believe she'll rise again,
Christ is her Life, and Christ doth reign !

We feel she is not far away,
But only hidden from our sight,
Nearer than we to Perfect Day,
And walking in a higher light.
For we can say, as Jesus said,
Those that believe are never dead !

This life is but a shifting scene,
And death is but an open door,
And souls are mounting up and on,
And Life is Life forevermore !
For we believe our Sister gone
Where she can know as she is known !

Safety

Nothing can truly harm me, if alone
In the Father's arms I lie;
No angel standing by the sapphire throne
Is nearer Him than I!

On His great Heart, so human, yet Divine,
Weary, I rest,
My future joys and griefs are His, not mine,
His will is best.

On such a resting place I calmly give
My cares away,
Gloomy forebodings vanish, and I live
Just for to-day.

Day's fiercest storm, night's mistiest, darkest
gloom,
Distress no more,
My pilot leads me safely, surely, home,
From shore to shore.

Through all Life's battle, Lord, for Christ's dear
sake,
Hold me in Thine embrace,
Until the morning dawn, and I awake
To see Thy Face!

On Board the "Oceanic," 1903.

“The Patience of Christ”

Oh for Christ's patience in Life's daily round,
In confidence and quiet, to be still,
Gladly and joyously, without a sound,
To do—or bear—or wait—the Master's will!

The soldier knows 'tis easiest far *to do*;
For love of land or home one can be strong;
The honour of the flag will keep us true,
All thro' the battle rings a triumph song!

We need a stronger, stouter heart *to bear*
Sharp pain or bitter anguish all alone,
And strength divine to see our dear ones wear
The look of gloaming when Life's sun goes down.

But ah to wait! To wait—if no one knows—
And nerve and heart and hand are eager for the
fray,
And no one cares—come heat or winter snows,
“Oh, Captain—speak the word—we will obey!”

Like restless horses, leashed against their will
By mighty master hand on bit and rein,
We chafe and fume at being kept so still,
And ask to die that we may end our pain.

For oh, it is the hardest pain of all
To feel we are not wanted! Are not missed!
Day after day, to listen for a call,
Night after night, to have crept up and kissed
The feet of Jesus, just to hear His will,
And to hear naught but this, "My child be still."

"What if it be the hardest, shall we quail
To face endurance by the hand of pain?
No soldiers we, but cowards, if we fail
To take this lesson, o'er and o'er again,
Until at last we master our own soul,
Then dare, perchance, aspire unto a higher
goal!"

On Mrs. G.'s Death

“Where hast thou gone to, dear?
I see no trace of tear
On thy sweet face!”

“Thy God gives rest to thee,”
A voice calls back to me
From out of space.

Not space—that were too chill, too lone
An atmosphere to wrap you in,
Who are so dear,
Thou hast not passed to the Great Deep,
Nor lost thyself in aimless sleep,
For thou are near,
Near, as of old, to them—the two
Who ne'er could live apart from you,
In days of yore.
Death can not kill, but Life and Love
Expand and grow in fields above,
For evermore!

Tired wert thou, dear? Now thou canst rest,
Like John upon thy Saviour's breast,
Yet still be ours—
Still scatter blessings round our life—
And whisper peace from earthly strife,
And waft us fragrance, pure and rife
From Heaven's flowers!

Consummation

The Holy Writ of old, hath said
That, in the latter day,
Young men and maids shall visions see,
And ancient men—oh, they
Shall dream such dreams of glorious light
Poured down in wondrous shower,
On hearts new opened to receive
And souls endued with power,
Of living, pulsing, wondrous life
Awakened from within,
Where God takes up His dwelling place
And scatters every sin !

No dream—but foresight of the day
When God shall rise and shine,
And His Messiah rule shall take
O'er every land and clime !
Those who upheld Him to the death
Through blood, and strife, and fire !
Those who in loneliness have pined
For Him, their heart's Desire !
Shall one day feel Him permeate
Their being to the core !
And hear Him hailed as Lord and King
On every sea and shore !

Through the vast universe, the note
From star to star shall ring!
One God! One Life! One Being!
One universal King!
The Head of all our human race,
Our God in Flesh, hath shown,
That in His weakest brother
The Man in God be known!
Oh! Wondrous Incarnation
The aeons to come shall see,
When man shall shed the brute and rise
On eagle's wings, to Thee.

For ages yet, our foolish race
Will plod its tedious road,
With bleeding feet and aching heart,
Thinking to hide from God!—
But every tear, each sorrow, yea,
And e'en each lowborn deed
Will get rebound to pureness,
To glory; and the need
Of thirsty souls be satisfied,
And hungry ones be fed,
When the All Love hath triumphed,
And Hate and Lust are dead!

On train for Ottawa, 1903.

I Cannot Truly Sigh for Heaven

I cannot truly sigh for Heaven,
I do not long to die,
For to my human heart is given
Intense vitality.

I love the smell of good, brown earth,
I love sweet air and light;
To see life teem in myriad birth
Gives me untold delight!

Each insect, flower, and tiny life,
Demands my reverent bow,
Their world of combat, love and strife,
Speaks of a living Now!

A living Now means God is near
In every living thing,
If God and Heaven indeed be dear
I need no seraph's wing,
To find both God and Heaven here
In every living thing!

So though I do not sigh for Heaven
Nor truly long to die,
Yet here and now a taste is given
Of Immortality,
A foretaste of the Life that grows
Into Eternity!

Our Times Are In Thy Hands

Our Times are in Thy Hands, dear Lord!

Our days, our nights, our years!

Our joys and sorrows, fears and hopes,

Our laughter and our tears!

Rivers of pleasure, wells of pain,

Flow from one Fount above,

Blessings of joy and grief—are drops

In the ocean of Thy Love!

Our Times are in Thy Hands, dear Lord!

Our joyous hours of youth;

When health and gladness, knowledge, love

Press forward after truth.

Our Times are in Thy Hands, dear Lord!

Our long, sad nights of pain,

When darkest shades of sorrow fall

Again and yet again!

Our nights are in Thy Hands, dear Lord,

And they grow calm and still,

When passion spent, and sorrow hushed

We learn to will Thy Will!

Our Times are in Thy Hands, dear Lord !
 We love to leave them there,
For in the dark our Spirits meet
 And life becomes a prayer.

Our Times are in Thy Hands, dear Lord !
 And nothing can appall
Though by man's blunders, fires consume,
 Or, wholesale, cities fall !

The life, whose Times are in Thy Hands
 Is never lost to Thee,
But in the Father's care is safe
 For Immortality !

Or short, or long, or sad, or bright,
 If we are one with Thee,
Our nights merge into growing light
 And darkest shadows flee;
Sorrow is lost in pure delight
 Because Thy Face we see !

Tired

Dear Lord, I am so tired
I cannot think or pray,
And though I long to drink
Of living waters, sweet and pure and clear,
I cannot reach them somehow, and I shrink
From all the long and weary path of life before me
still,
Full of joys, I know, and sympathy of dear ones,
But full, too, of sorrows and of darkness,
Of separation, and of death;
And I am tired—and weary
And not fit to struggle more and fight.

Lord, come to me, and give me strength anew, and
fitness,
Just to cope with all Thou hast for me to do—or
bear, or suffer, or to wait—
Give me at times those sweet, refreshing, resting
trysts with Thee
That sometimes come across the soul—
When silently the birds and flowers
Will whisper of our Maker and His Love,
And tell again that not one sparrow falls without
God's care.

And if we know our Lord, we know our Father too,
For He Himself doth love us, and doth care
That we obey, and overcome, and enter into joy.
And not mere joy,
But joy in great abundance,
Fulness, Fulness of Joy!
Of which, if we but taste,
We long and thirst for more,
And still more comes
And bides with us for aye!

Light Within

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast laid
Thy hand upon my sight,
That for a little while Thou hast
Effaced from me the light.

Because in darkest shade I can
More clearly hear Thy voice;
Master of all, oh speak to me
And make my heart rejoice.

My errors past, oh, make me see
In Thy clear light of day,
And in Thy mercy's sea of love
Wash all my sins away.

Stand o'er me, Great Absolver,
And absolution give,
Oh lift Thy Hand above me
And bid me rise and live.

I long to touch Thee, Lord
To feel Thy touch on me,
One living touch of Thine
And I shall only see.

One thrilling, healing touch
From the Great Light Divine
Will vibrate thro' and thro' me
And become wholly mine.

Walking in the Light of God
No dark can ever be,
Even in the deepest shadows
I shall see.

His Hand makes light and shade
His touch can heal us still
Only light and love and joy
Can be His Will.

We can not dare to say we walk
With God, from day to day,
Alas, 'tis but a "little touch,"
And then we seem to stray !

Oh, to rise higher, higher,
Nearer our Star, our Sun !
We'll see thro' all the darkness
When earthly days are done.

“Forward”

Our life is but a motor ride,
Surely, swiftly, on we glide,
Wondrous views entrance our sight,
Some in shadows, some in light ;
Ever on from height to height,
Ever on from night to night.
Scattering seeds as we go by,
Gathering flowers that never die.
On we wind through pathways green,
From the Seen to the Unseen.

Many a milestone on the way
Makes us think of close of day.
At times a shower bedims the eye,
'Tis but a cloud that must pass by ;
Soon the sun shines as of old,
Bathing all the hills with gold.
Love and life are severed never,
Love and life are ours forever.
On we go with hearts serene,
From the Seen to the Unseen.

December, 1909.

Easter

There is no death! I know it, yet have seen
Five living dear ones prostrate laid by death
In few short months. Yet do I know there is
No death at all. Christ is my life, and life
Of all that live. He cannot die—nor they. He rose
And trampled death itself to death's destruction.

There is no death!

There is no death—
And yet I hear that dear voice whisper,
“Must we part? my sweetheart, we who loved each
other.”
But later with uplifted eyes and quiet steadfast voice,
“I see Him—God! I think and hope I do.”
To see God—Is that death? Ah, no.

There is no death—
But life eternal in such vision.
He conquered death for us that first dear Easter
morn.

No death—and yet I saw that little child
Grow still and cold and silent; and I told her,
His mother, who him bore, that he must leave us.
She gave him up to God, her darling—her first born.

Ah! no, there is no death! In Him they ever live.
He conquered death and trampled hell
To death that first great Easter morn!

There is no death indeed,
That dearest aged pilgrim, waiting long her sum-
mons,
Saw no grim phantom at her door, but Christ—
The Light of Life, and Youth, and Strength, and
Joy.
He took her, tired and weary in His arms,
And carried her exulting to the feet of God—
There is no Death.

On the Brink

I stood at the edge of Nowhere,
It seemed to me.
Before me, Darkness, Vastness,
Eternity.
Drifting forever behind me
The things so near,
Fading from touch and sight,
The faces dear.

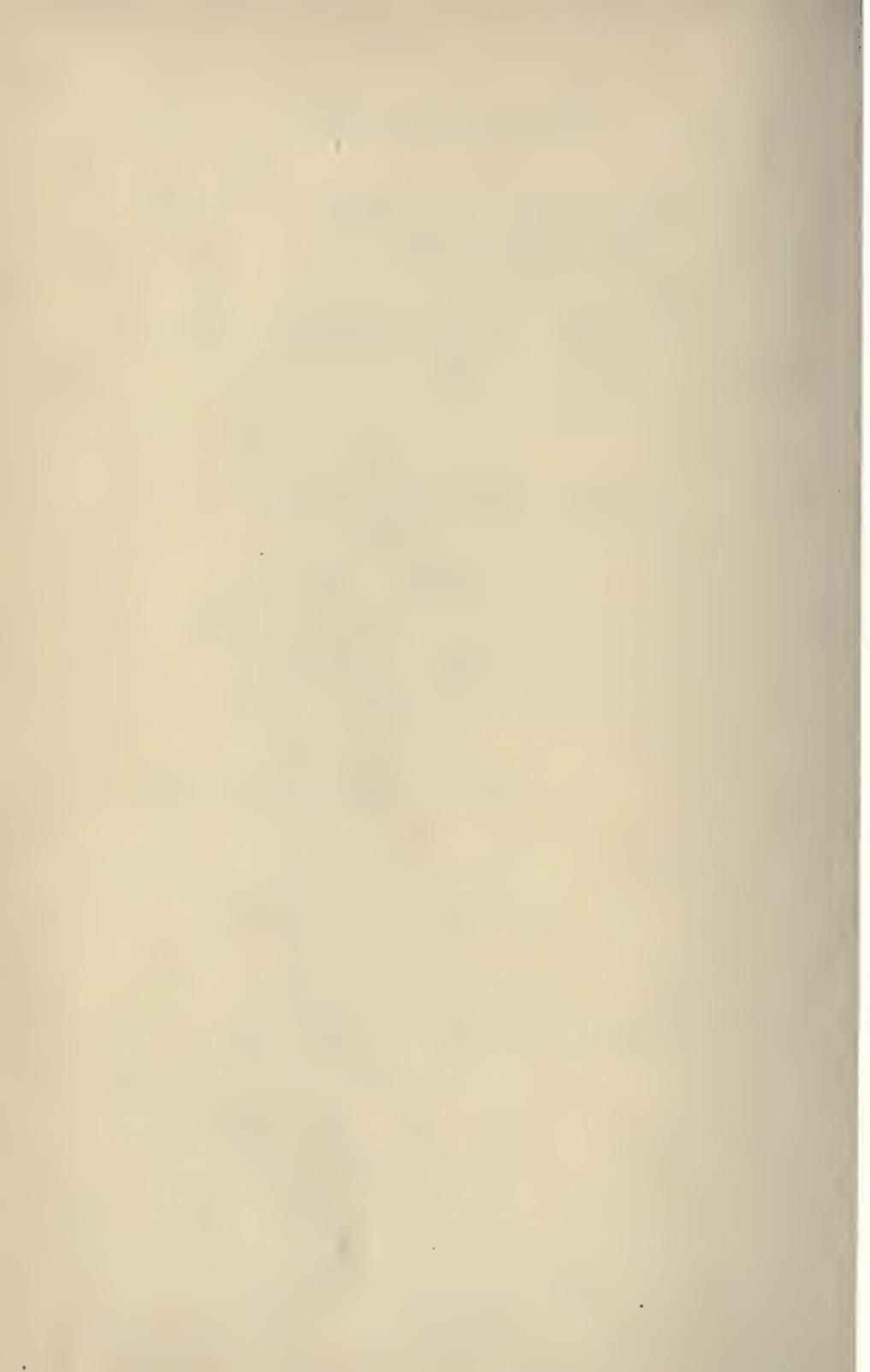
Whither oh wither passing
Shall my spirit flee?
Midst all Thy myriad worlds
Great God to Thee?
When earthly links are severed,
And the most sacred tie
Fails to hold me here,
Whither shall I fly?

Maker and Source of All,
All life comes forth from Thee,
And shall be gathered up,
To live eternally!
I cannot pass forever,
If but a breath of God.
Yet breath I am, His breath, His own,
My Maker and my God.

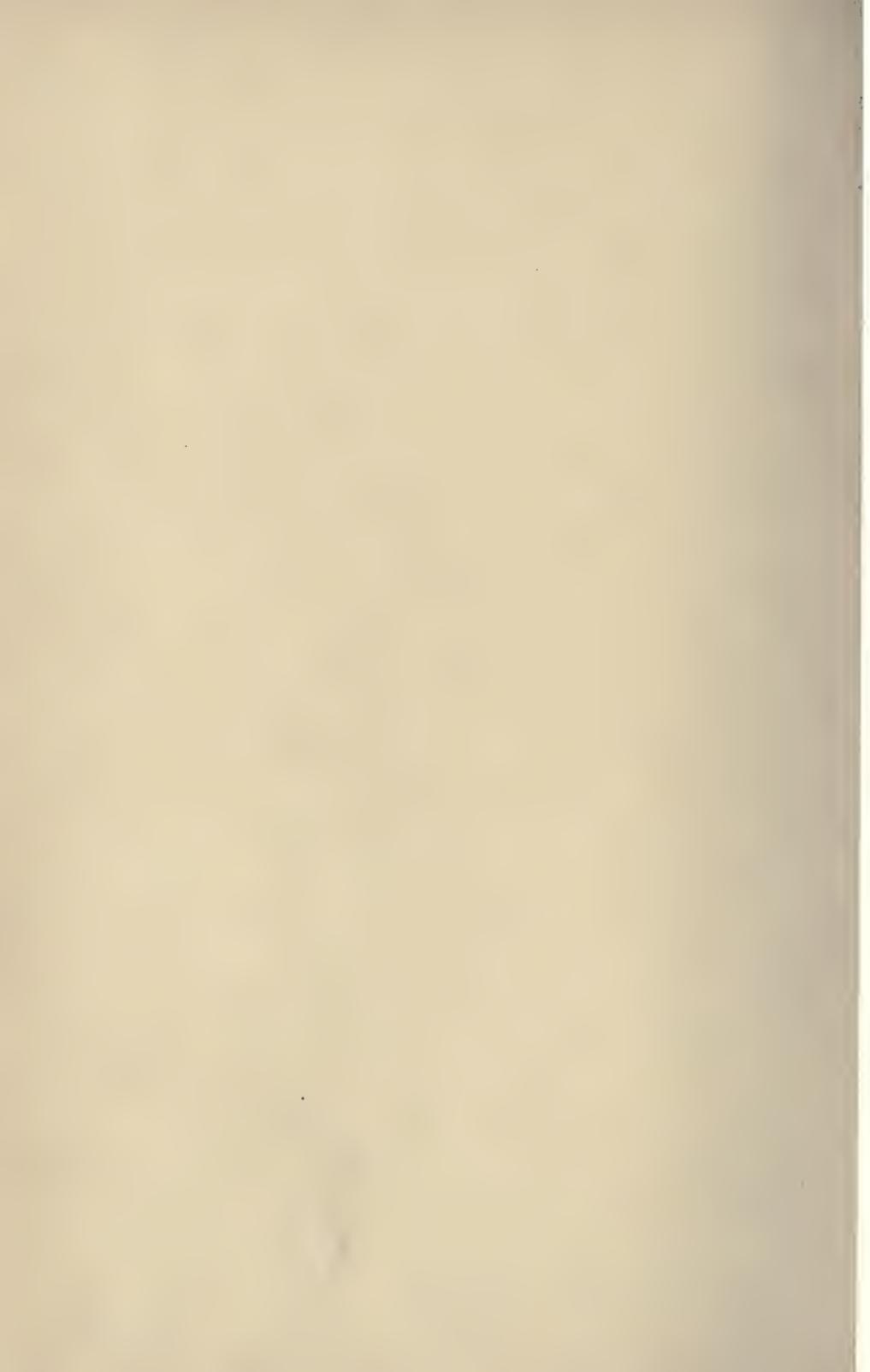
So wheresoe'er I go, beneath,
 Beyond, above,
My Father's hand shall hold me
 In everlasting love,
The human loves, too, go with me,
 In some mysterious way,
All shadow yet, but kept by faith
 Until the perfect day.

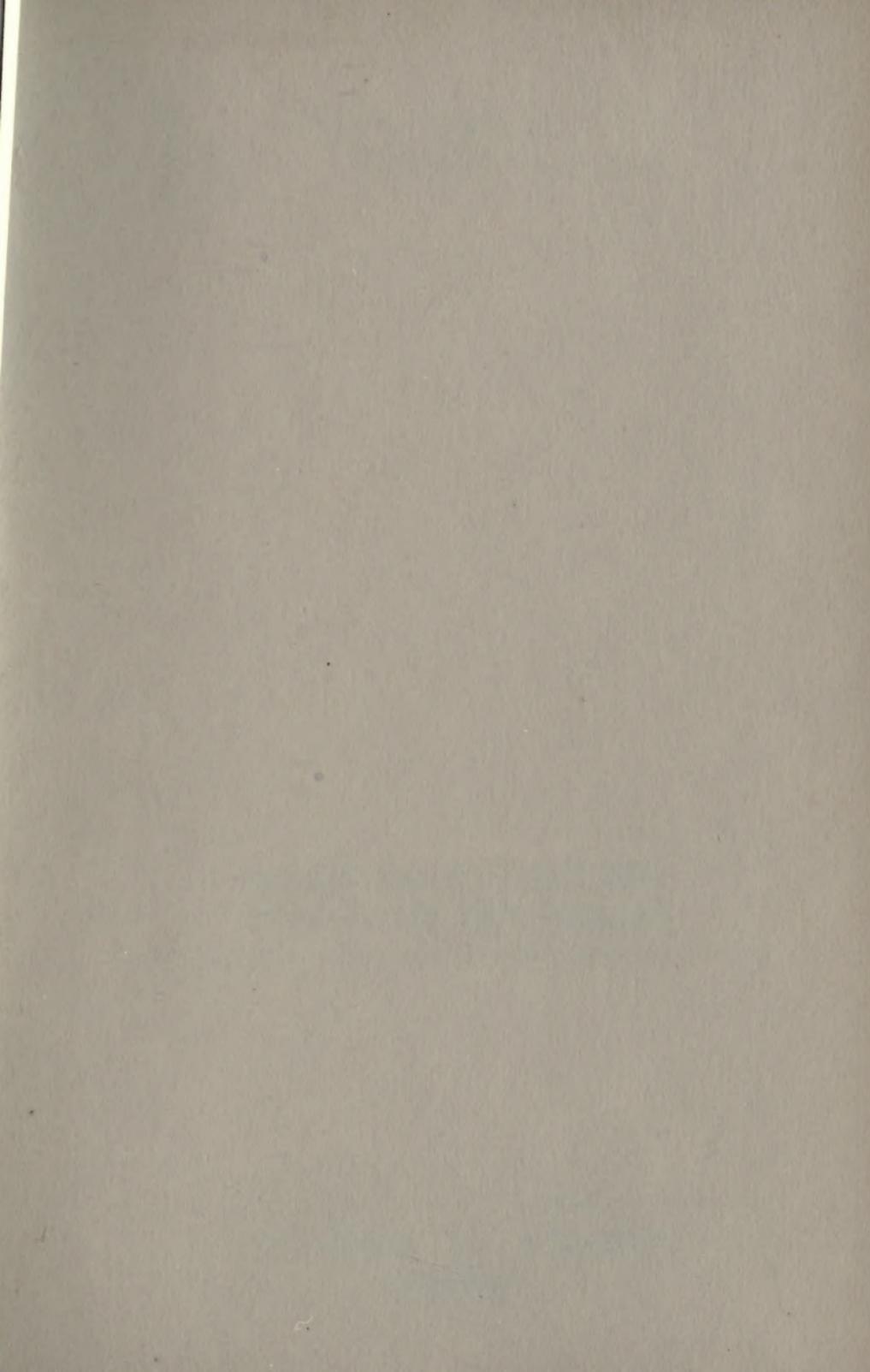
No aimless drift, no fruitless round,
 Shall be my senseless part,
In aeons to come, as in the past
 He'll lead my foolish heart.
Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
 Shall part me from His care.
I'll go to sleep in perfect peace,
 To wake up Anywhere !

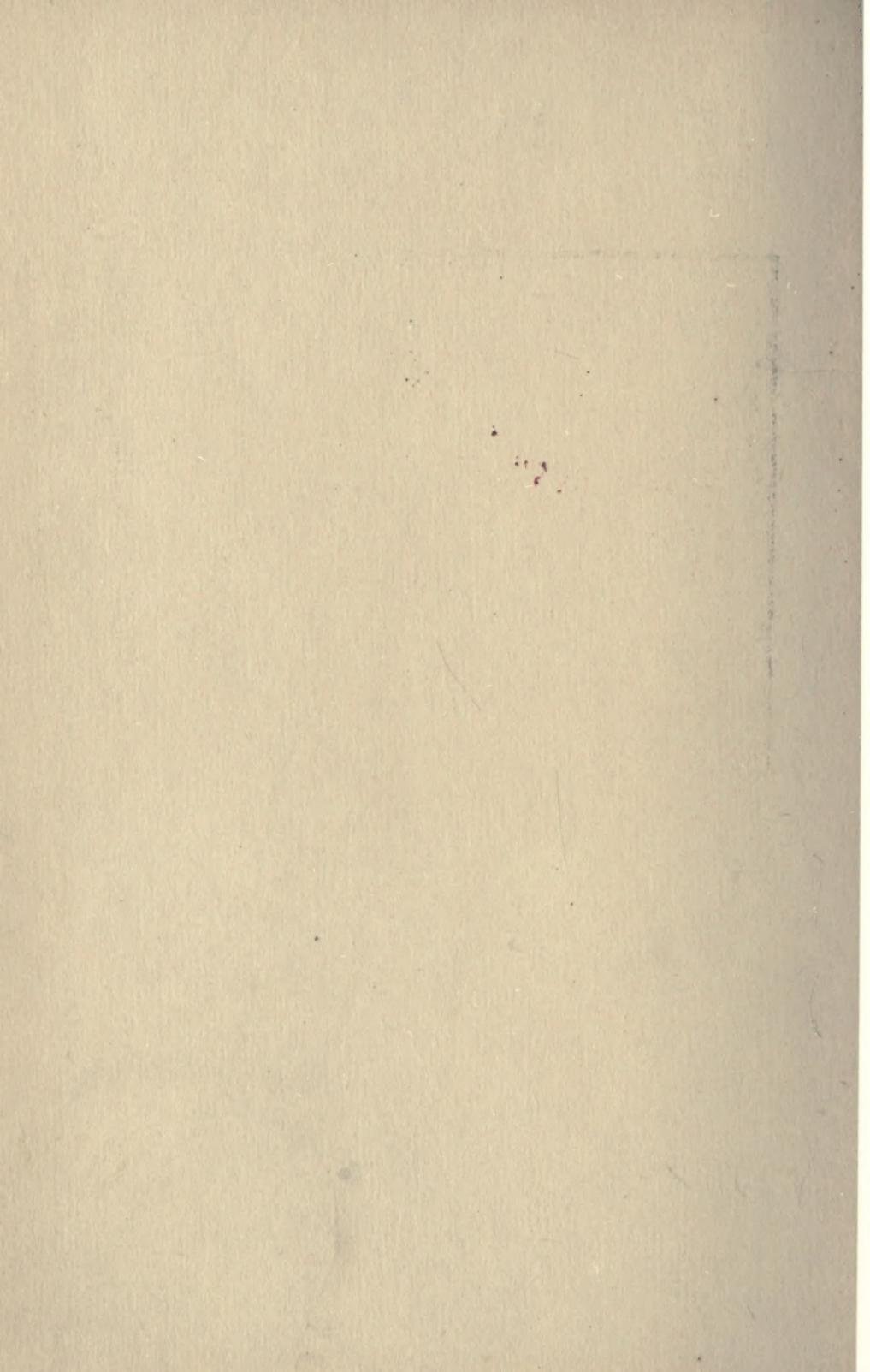
A. F. O. 13th January, 1910.











PS
8479
S44T5

Osler, Annie F
Thoughts in verse

**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
LIBRARY**

